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Calling of the Flowers.

ONLY a rain-drop fresh and new,
Gently falling with the dew;
Only the gentle tap of rain,
Calling to life the flowers again.

Only a rose-bud pure and sweet,
Wakened by the rain-drop's beat;
Only a sunbeam soft and low,
Kissing the rose-bud white as snow.

Only a drop of precious blood,
Just one drop of that sweet flood;
Only a voice so wondrous meek,
Of a Lamb all bleeding and weak.

Only a lily spotless white,
Washed pure as the morning light;
Only a ray of heaven's love
To lift the soul of man above.

Only a drop of rain did call
The little flowers on earth's green wall;
But only the blood of the Lamb of God
Could recall the flowers on heaven's sod.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



A Silent Influence in English Literature.

(PRIZE ESSAY.)

FROM hilly mountain-side to verdant valley, there falls upon our ears the gentle strains of hymnal praise and gratitude, which a nation is joyfully resounding to honor the memory of him whom she has ever cherished as her greatest poet and most perfect ideal of what that sublime character in life and literature should represent. The literary world of America is celebrating the centenary of Longfellow's birth; and as we look back to the noble life-work of this great man in the garden of the Muses, and mark the tenor of the glowing tributes of respect and admiration paid to his memory, we cannot but be impressed by the thoroughly Catholic sentiment and spirit which shines forth so conspicuously in his works, and by that sympathetic tone and charm, which, more than anything else, has won for him so numerous a host of enthusiastic admirers from every walk and clime of life.

Though Longfellow unhappily professed no actual belief in the Catholic Church, the silent beauty of her sublime doctrines and institutions exerted a most powerful influence on his genius and aspirations, and even found a sweet and pleasant echo in many of his choicest rimes. Hardly any Catholic magazine or periodical, in commemorating his name, failed to make mention of this noteworthy fact, and to show by essay and quotation the great effects this benign influence produced on him. This, however, is but a single instance in which the power and beauty of the Catholic Church has manifested itself in a writer who acknowledged no outward

allegiance to her regime of love; and in Longfellow we see but a single exemplification of that silent influence which, from time immemorial, inspired and produced the greatest masterpieces in art and literature the world has ever seen.

While the great Cardinal Newman plainly tells us in his 'Idea of a University' that 'the bulk of English Literature will ever *have been* Protestant'—and, indeed, what that luminous mind expressed then is as true to day as it ever was—it is equally true that Catholic thought and influence *have* told on English Literature, and to a much greater extent than the generality of the people imagine. Since England acknowledges the merit of an exceedingly small number of Catholic authors, and has awarded to comparatively few heroes of the Church their crown of honor and respect, men are apt to forget that English Letters, in common with all letters created within the Christian era, were at least baptized in the Catholic faith and, to a great extent, developed under Catholic influence. From the first glimmerings of genius to the mighty flashes of Shakespeare, from the tender chimes of Grashaw to the melodious strains of Tennyson, there lurks beneath the best productions of English talent an undercurrent of sublime sentiment and hidden power, appearing at one time very pronounced and decided, and again humbly concealing itself from the raging elements above which threatened to ruffle its placid surface.

We call it the Silent Influence of the Catholic Church. Silent influence, we say, because even at a time when the accents of her chiding voice were unheeded and despised, it was the seed the Church had sown and carefully nurtured that sprouted forth in fragrant verdure and ripeness, and none other than the influence of *her* beautiful institutions and fostering care that unconsciously inspired the genius of England's greatest men to higher flights in the realms of literature and thought, and the artistic expression of nobler aspirations and sentiments. It was, indeed, the influence of that Divine Institution, half-enemy to fame, which from behind the scenes, as it were, upheld the dignity of English genius and letters, and finally aroused them to a sense of

truth and duty, at a time when men forgot their honor and Literature its noble mission.

In order to obtain a correct and definite impression of the influences which affected English Literature, it is necessary to revert to the very beginning of its growth and development. There we can trace out more accurately the forces which determined the shape and form it assumed for ages to come, for first impressions linger longest; and there the spirit of true Catholicity breathed with greater freedom and more pronounced influence.

That the sub soil of English Literature is thoroughly Catholic, will readily be admitted by every critic. Caedmon, Ven. Bede, and Alfred the Great,—those illustrious scholars who ushered in the dawn of English Literature and learning,—were, in a special manner, children for the Alma Mater of Arts and Sciences, and the wholesome example they had set received a fresh and lasting impulse when the Catholic Normans took possession of the glorious isle of St. Austin. With their advent to English soil, there arose a new era in English Literature, that of the rhyming chroniclers and metrical romancers; and as we glance over that list of youthful aspirants to literary fame and distinction, the one great hero that looms upon our vision is the inimitable Chaucer, the “Morning-star of English Song.” Whence did Chaucer draw the inspiration for those masterpieces of literary excellence and perfection that rendered his name so famous, and clustered around his memory the sombre beauty and radiance of a smiling morning star? The answer is well known: From the sunny clime of Catholic Italy. Yes, to Chaucer, “that well of English undefiled,” does English Literature owe the introduction of that powerful element and romantic spirit which so thoroughly permeates the works of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Tennyson. Spenser may have been more romantic, Milton more sublime, but Catholic Chaucer has certainly proved the most influential in imparting to English Literature a tone distictively English and a sincere love for the beauty and idealism of life.

As to the fact that many passages are scattered through

his works which offend the more delicately attuned ear of present-day generations, we have little to say, neither does our subject demand a protracted explanation. At all events, the spirit of Chaucer's productions are not to be gauged by the standards of modern times. He was a child of the fourteenth century even as we are children of the twentieth.

But even acknowledging that, at times, his looseness and freedom is uncalled for, in what respect does that belittle the positive effect the Catholic Church *did* exert, through him, on the bulk of English thought and letters? Compare him, for instance, with Shelley and Byron, and what a world of difference characterizes the moral atmosphere breathed through their respective works? Chaucer was subject to mistakes, and indeed made them, but through the influence of his guiding Mother strove to make amends for the wrong he might have done and the improper use to which he had devoted his talents; Shelley and Byron, however, abandoned themselves to their unruly passions without the least sense of restraint or shame. Chaucer paid many a glowing tribute of filial love and respect to that Mother whose honor and bidding he sometimes lost sight of; Shelley and Byron, on the contrary, derided her very name and most sacred doctrines, and even refused her a passing mention or implied tribute of respect and honor. Behold the contrast; behold the silent influence of the Catholic Church in the fair gardens of English Literature.

When she enjoyed the respect and obedience of her English offspring, she succeeded in leading back an errant genius and consecrating his endeavors to the realms of higher emotions and nobler ideals; but when men spurned her power and trusted to their own abilities, two of the greatest poets England ever produced perished in misery and desolation, for sheer want of light to guide them. That magnetic force which in younger days had attracted the sparks of genius to the ennobling and spiritual ideal beyond, had been hushed; the power which had shaped the soul of Shakespeare and Bacon, or produced the expression of a poet's noblest feelings and aspirations in Southwell and

Crashaw, had fled. A spirit of maudlin beauty or rather sentimentality was the dominant note in the best works of English genius. Those bright minds that understood well enough in what beauty consisted externally, failed in expressing it concretely or reflecting its ennobling atmosphere in Literature, because they were incapable of seeing or feeling the spiritual element, which underlies and forms the very essence of true beauty, and whose sole guardian is the Catholic Church.

Had such been the moral atmosphere of Chaucer's time, English Literature would have quite a different tale to tell to day. But, happily, that bright morning-star which then rose gloriously on the horizon was but the herald of a beautiful intellectual day which was soon to dawn on England. With the soft and fragrant spirit of Catholic Italy breathing in its countenance, the youth of English Letters threw off the shackles of boyhood and soon found itself a man. Enlivened and strengthened by the wholesome atmosphere of Catholic influence, English Literature budded forth in a soil most congenial to its growth and development, and hardly had two centuries elapsed, when we behold it bursting forth in the full fragrance and glowing splendor of a golden age.

Just precisely what goes to form and define a golden age of literature, we will not attempt to say here; but in as far as it is an outgrowth of a people, their customs and institutions, we rightly maintain that the Elizabethan period of English Literature was in greater extent due to the Catholic Church and her influence than to any other single factor. We find its massive walls reared on a solid foundation of Catholicity; those stately columns that so triumphantly support the glorious arch of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, proclaim silently, but not less eloquently, the influence of Catholic education and Catholic ideals. Without Chaucer and the influence wielded by his Catholic fellow-men, the Elizabethan period would be to us a nameless and meaningless epoch; for abstract the tone and color which the writers took from Catholic sources and models, and you have a bulky mass of nothing. Spenser fell back on Cath-

olic models and ideals when he sang the praises of his glorified sovereign; Milton drew his inspiration for the sublimest epic the hand of man ever traced from sources thoroughly Catholic, the *Divina Comedia*. If he had not been under Catholic influence he could not have chanted the beautiful "Ode to the Nativity."

As to Shakespeare, his inspiration is pre-eminently Catholic. He speaks of Catholic days, of Catholic people and periods, of Catholic worship and ceremonies. Or imagine to yourself, if possible, Shakespeare without these beautiful marks, or bereft of this serene Catholic tone and atmosphere. The very idea is repugnant and bold in the extreme. Hence to argue about his Catholicity is sheer waste of time. Open the volume and read. His religion, as a great author tells us, is eloquently proclaimed on every page. Had he been a Protestant, at a time when Protestantism was struggling to engraft itself on the heart of England, surely he would, with his supreme intellect, have given at least one utterance in countenance of the new belief, one argument in favor of it. Yet you may search all Shakespeare in vain for a single Protestant thought or expression. His tone is ever an echo of the Catholic Church and her influence, his code of morality is always based on Catholic principles, his noblest thoughts and most exquisite passages unquestionably found their inspiration in Catholic sources and ideals.

Indeed, it is a curious fact that the greatest masterpieces of English Literature are mere amplifications of Catholic legends, and owe, to no small extent, their charms and beauties to the benign influence exerted by the Catholic Church. Take the Arthurian Legends, for example. What subject has afforded a theme more poetic and alluring to the genius of England's noble race of poets than the beautiful stories of King Arthur and his brave knights? Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton continually made use of them for some of the most exquisite allusions to be found in literature; while Tennyson, that "God-gifted organ-voice of England," has linked the several tales together with such tact and skill

that the "Idylls of the King" are considered by many second only to "Paradise Lost", as a national epic of intrinsic worth and dignity. And to whom must we concede the honor of inspiring and producing this rich crown of poetic gems? To none other than the Catholic Church; it grew in her garden, and breathes her spirit and embodies her ideals.

But she was not satisfied with simply affording the material for her songsters; it was her humble ambition to likewise direct in safety their airy flights, and to determine the key in which they were to warble. Hence from the earliest times, the Catholic Church has shown herself a potent factor in shaping the form and meter which English thought was to assume, both in prose and poetry. From a Catholic source and through a loyal Catholic son, the valiant Earl of Surrey, England came into possession of the sonnet form and blank verse,—those stately measures to whose noble majesty and hidden power Shakespeare has rendered so eloquent a tribute. Indeed, Surrey's entire life was a generous sacrifice to the cause of literature and the ennobling of its atmosphere; a heroic task which he surely accomplished. With him there appeared once more in English poetry a correctness, charm and polish unknown since Chaucer; and through his untiring efforts the way was paved which led to Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Age.

And in like manner does the influence of the Catholic Church appear throughout the entire history of English Literature. Search it from the first buddings of genius to the glorious splendor of the Elizabethan period, follow its course through the turbulent times of the Transition and unbridled Puritanical fury, trace its winding path as it dragged along through the Georgian Era, and witness again its awakening to a new and vigorous life under the good Victoria, and it will appear but the more apparent how much the Catholic Church has done in imparting to English Literature a higher degree of refinement and brilliancy, and raising its tone and atmosphere to higher planes of justice, truth and beauty.

Not that we mean to call the atmosphere of English

Literature Catholic; no, by far not. But if, indeed, Literature can be said to belong to any creed, the Elizabethan Age, to cite but one example, was intellectually Catholic. The fragrance of those flowers that then bloomed so fair, was derived from no other than the Catholic Church and her sweet odor of sanctity and heavenly beauty. But when the negation of Protestantism gradually closed in and choked the positive Catholic Christian religion of England, that powerful support of English Letters was withdrawn. Like a biting frost, Protestantism swept over the beautiful gardens of England, and its effect on Literature, as on public and social life, was of a marked downward tendency. Catholicity is, indeed, the sombre background upon which all the wealth of English genius has made its indelible impression; and as well might an artist place a romantic castle of Rhineland on the desert plains of sunburnt Africa, with neither tree nor shrub to serve as a background, as for an author to ignore this powerful influence in Literature or attempt to abstract the beauties of poetry from the spiritual element of Christianity which so deeply enshrouds them.

Passing to times in greater proximity to our own, we once more meet with a striking occurrence—"the most momentous revolution in thought and letters for the past three hundred years," as a renowned statesman calls it—which imparted a lasting impulse to the trend of English thought and literature. History records it under the name of the "Oxford Movement," and places at its head one of the keenest and most gifted intellects England ever possessed, the illustrious and ever memorable Cardinal Newman.

If, indeed, we measure a man's claim to the admiration and respect of posterity by the permanent effects he procures for them in the realms of truth, religion and art, then with unfaltering hand must we extend a triple crown to him who inaugurated a movement fraught with such inestimable blessings for mankind. Newman's influence is not to be gauged by words or expressed in figures; for the spirit that worked through his was from a realm above the sordid aspirations of common mortals, and tended to a higher and

nobler goal than that which spurred the generality of great men to extraordinary efforts and exertions. His massive eloquence caused all England to tremble in admiration for the truth which had been conspired against for so many ages; and when his thundering words of common-sense logic shook the principle of Protestant and infidel authors to their very foundations, they stood aghast at beholding one whom they had considered a leader in their own ranks declaiming against their corrupt principles and institutions.

Newman sounded the note, which but needed to be intoned, and its own sweet cadences, like the wonderful symphony of a grand orchestra, would soften the hearts and conquer the minds of men. The scales fell, as if by magic, from the eyes of the bewildered multitudes, and with nervous hand and reverential tread they followed their noble leader in his onward march through conscientious research. Not to mention the impulse thus given to Catholic Literature and Ideals, Newman created a new Anglican Literature and infused into it a spirit thoroughly Catholic in tone and color. Literature became a nobler production, and was henceforth characterized by that spirit of magnanimity which so eminently distinguished the life and work of this great soul.

And exactly in this respect has the force of Catholic influence and ideals manifested itself. What was it other than Catholic principles and doctrines that aroused the soul of Newman to such decisive inquiry and effective action? Where can the Protestants or Anglicans point to a man whose noble inspirations or great deeds of benevolence were prompted by motives of sincerity as deep and conscientiousness as candid, as we behold in Newman. It was only after this pillar of truth had dispelled all his vain fears and defects of doubt, that he went forth prepared to breast the rough blows of circumstance, which we knew would oppose him in the effort to mount his doctrines on the headland of civilization, where they might shine as beacon-lights for his countrymen and their posterity. And his wish as such has certainly been crowned with success, for the influence exerted through his instrumentality has exalted the moral tendency of liter-

ature to a healthier standard, and effected a higher development of the nobler aesthetic sensibilities of man than England had ever before witnessed.

But speaking so much of Catholic influence, we might naturally expect to meet with a greater list of Catholic leaders and authors than English Literature can show. The explanation of this question, however, is certainly not a difficult one. Considering the treatment Catholics have received and the relation in which they stood to English higher life and society, who could reasonably expect that their star should rise to midday splendor or shine forth in full brilliancy? Freedom and liberty is the essential atmosphere of the literary spirit, which, like a chirping bird, takes only securely to the cold earth below because it knows that its natural movement is on the wing.

But through the instrumentality of its doctrines and institutions, and the safe-guarding of the fountain-heads of true poetry and art, the Catholic Church has accomplished what was incomparably removed far beyond the abilities of any other power or social organization. The history of its influence and achievements in English Literature, for the most part, records few events of startling moment or dazzling splendor; but even at the time its voice seemed hushed and faint, its very silence proved most eloquent. Its aim was not in the interest of sordid ambition or fame; but a nobler, a higher one, towards which it ever tended and, after many trials and persecutions, was finally destined to reach,—the awakening of the human sensibilities to a conscientious appreciation of the true, the good, and the spiritual element in life and literature. The influence of its serene beauty and power has not been for a day, for a year, or for any special period; but is one which has marked the growth of English Literature from its very infancy, supported it in its youth, and perfected it to a stage of golden splendor and magnificence which stands without an equal. Like a vein of sweet water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the flowers bud and the tiny blades of grass peep out in beauteous hues, has the influence of the Catholic Church

rambled through the sunny paths of English Literature, scattering in its wake the sweetly-scented perfume of noble deeds and high endeavors. Let us, then, join with the great poet of Catholic sympathies, in the expression of his fond hope that the sweet and silent power of the Catholic Church, which so nobly educated his heart and mind, may even to us and our promising world of letters—

“Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of God.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.



Frisk's Message.

TO say simply that I was enjoying myself would not be doing justice to the pleasure I was having on my little stay-over with my fellow-Freshman, Frank Lowall, on my way home from College last June.

For weeks we had been planning the stay; but once I had seen our plans almost frustrated on account of my little brother Bennie's sudden illness. However, as the time for Commencement drew nearer he improved rapidly and the last letter from home allayed all my fears and wished me much pleasure on my intended visit. Great, indeed, were the plans Frank and I made, for a few day's outing at his beautiful "Ripple Rock" home.

The weather was fine and Frank's home was an ideal summer resort. Almost hidden by a grove of verdant maples it overlooked the glassy surface of a small lake and a chain of green clad hills beyond. The fishing, boating, camping, driving, and like amusements tended to make the time pass only too quickly.

Imagine my surprise one afternoon, when, as we drove out of the yard for a drive to our camp, behind a spanking team of blacks, a messenger arrived with the following telegram addressed to John Frisk:

Hoberton, Ind., 6 18.

"Come home at once to see your brother."

John Frisk, Sr.

I read it again and again to reassure myself of the but too obvious meaning of the words.

No one could be more kind and sympathetic than the Lowalls in trying to console me. They prayed me to hope for the best, as they helped me prepare for the departure. Of course, a relapse of a fever is often very serious, but perhaps it was not as bad as they imagined.

Oh, the brevity of a telegram! Had it only said *how* bad he was! Can it be—so bright and clever—my only brother!

As the train would not leave till late, I decided to take the Traction line in spite of the recent ill reports of that road, and in a few minutes we were driving into Greenville station.

Hapily, a car was about to leave when we drove up, and I was felt somewhat relieved as we moved out of town. But it did not go fast enough, and then the many stops! It almost seemed that everybody had been to town and had to be landed at every cross-road. The very fences of the fields seemed to mark the slow progress of the car. Nothing but farms and fences to amuse one or to clear the mind of the one heavy thought.

Mile after mile of such monotonous scenes we passed and I spent the dreary hours of the long afternoon in a dilemma of doubtful hope and growing anxiety.

As the sun was painting the landscape with its last streaming rays, the car wended its way into Hoberton and was soon at Clinton Street. As I alighted at the rear, two elderly ladies whom I recognized as the frequent visitors of our locality, mounted the car at the opposite end. One of them, glancing around, quietly remarked:

“Why, there is Frisk’s son, I believe. I wonder if he has heard the news.” The gong sounded and the car moved on.

News! What news! Was I too late after all? Could it be? Poor Bennie! Oh, if I had known that the illness would take a turn for the worse! My anxiety knew no bounds, and I hurried down the street at an increasing pace, looking neither right nor left and taking no notice of what might be going on about me.

As I turned up Par Street a gleam of hope flashed through my mind. Dr. Gerber just then turned his auto from our gate and rode up town.

He lives! Bennie is still alive! was the consolation that came to me. As I broke across the lawn the light in Bennie’s room showed several figures moving to and fro

about the room. Yes he still lives and I must see him at once! No time for ceremonies, no running around to the main entrance, but entering a side door I passed through the hall to his chamber and stepped in.

Could I believe my eyes! There stood the little fellow before me, and when he saw me he began to dance and run toward me with outstretched arms.

"O, John, John,—I—I—we—" and I picked him up and kissed him. Without saying a word he scrambled from my arms and ran on tip-toe towards his cradle. Pulling aside the curtain he said in a fit of glee: "See what the doctor brought for me! See what little hands it's got!" and he picked one up, pressed it to his cheek and kissed it.

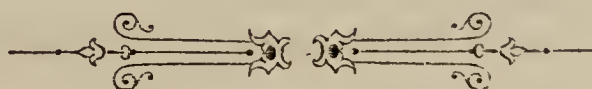
"Well, if there isn't John already!" exclaimed father, entering the room with the nurse. "We didn't expect you till train time; but I suppose you were anxious to see your new brother and couldn't wait."

"Well, father," said I, "the fact is I was afraid I would have no brother at all, for I inferred from your telegram that Bennie was worse, and of course I hurried home."

"Well, well, I never thought of that," he replied, "I had forgotten all about Bennie's sickness and was thinking only of your new brother. I am sorry, my boy, that I caused you to worry so; but you see he is such a fine brother, you wouldn't blame me much for getting excited a little."

This, of course, was a most pleasant explanation of all my fears, and presently I repaired to an adjoining room, where mother's greetings awaited me.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



Where Thy Silver Waters Meet.

A MID Ohio's fruitful valleys,
Named by native tribes of yore,
Strewn by fairy hands, whose galleys
Loved to hover near her shore,
With their pinions high suspending
O'er water lilies' perfumed dens,
There two gentle streams descending,
Softly rippling through the glen—
Join to form a mighty river,
And flow on forever, ever.

To the east quaint towers rising,
Towers of a city fair;
From the east the dawning morning
First plants her sunbeams there.
To the west green hills raise high
Their wreathed foretops to the sky.
Where the lark, the woodland singer,
And the beams of parting day
Ever, ever, love to linger,
'Mid Aberfelda's rocks and clay.

Here its course winds gently southward,
Flowing pleasantly along;
There o'er rocks it dashes downward,
And resounding with sweet song.
Woodland's shade, and scented meadows,
Hill-tops high, and vale between,
Cowslips, violets, and primrose,
Garlands on its banks of green,
Are reflected in that blue,
Caught from heaven's own bright hue.

Sweet stream, sole monarch of this valley,
Sweet hills that skirt thy way,
In fancy now I wander by thee,
For in fancy well I may.
Was it not here in pleasure's hours
You lulled me with your charming power.



Bernard J. Condon, Clement H. Boeke, Alexander Linneman, Rev. Arnold F. Weyman, Leo Faurot, Isidore W. Collins, David P. Fitzgerald.
COLLEGIAN STAFF '07.

In the twilight now I'm standing,
Looking out accross the deep,
While thy ripples, gently blending,
Murmur as though in dreamy sleep.

Murmurs from thy dreams come stealing
From thy dreams of days gone by,
When thy rushing and thy rippling
Sang to only starlit sky;
And to butter-cups, gold-chaliced,
That held sparkling, dewy wine
For thy banquets, never rivaled,
Even in our own fair clime.
And now you dream of days of yore,
When verging on so rare a shore.

O river of my childhood's pastime,
River of my childhood scenes,
Thou art the cause of all my sunshine,
And the theme of all my dreams.
And this evening memories haunt me
Memories of none but thee.
For my heart is ever lonely,
Longing for thy sweet retreat,
And I fain would be but only
Where thy silver waters meet.

As the evening shades fall o'er thee,
With a rapture soft and sweet,
Upon mossy banks to lay me
Where thy silver waters meet.
Out upon the world I'm roaming,
Where the ebbing tide of life,
Which all around me, rising, foaming
Hides me in its restless strife;
And I'm tossing on its billows,
And I'm floating where it flows.

But in heaven there is guidance,
And in heaven there is care;
And One whose all-abiding presence
Listens to our every prayer.
May He lead me as He led you,
May He guide me just as true.
That when I have fought life's battle,
I may turn with weary feet
To that rushing, rippling rattle,
Where thy silver waters meet.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

Browning as a Modern Poet.

(Second Prize.)

THE most pronounced tendency in Modern Literature is a tendency for the interpretation of the realm of human nature—a realm of the profoundest study and revelation. Modern Literature shows a deep sympathy and regard for man's world of thoughts and passion; it is not merely touched and modified but animated by the passions and beliefs, by the principles and hopes of men.

Critics ascribe this modern tendency in Literature to the spirit of the age—a spirit of controversy between the realism of science and the idealism of faith, imagination and philosophy, which, tending towards a deeper investigation into facts and knowledge, leads to the discussion and revelation of nature and man. This spirit of controversy gave a new impetus, a new direction to thought, developing a spirit of deep and general research, a regard for facts and a demand for exactness of knowledge and reasoning. And indeed, the influence of this modern aspect of thought on our Literature and especially on our poetry is keenly perceptible, for Literature, deriving its scope and color from the predominating ideas of the age, reflects its ruling spirit and its vital interest and condition. It endowed our poetry with an enthusiasm for psychological truths, vitality and versatility, a defiance of laws and standards and a regard for learned and critical expositions. The interest in external events as subject of imaginative works paled before the interest in the analysis of moral and psychological truths. The world of man's thoughts and passions superseded in interest the realm of fancy and of material things.

Of modern poetry it is peculiarly characteristic of the poetry of Robert Browning that it is in real sympathy and

harmony with this spirit and tendency of our age. Browning in his intense and profound humanity shows a reality and regard for facts, a spirit of wide research and frank curiosity, and a deep insight into human nature and the passions of man, which are characteristics of the modern age and thought. His works reproduce the thought and spirit of the age. This eminently modern characteristic of Browning leaves the poet in little harmony with the early Victorian age—an age of scientific research and of great changes and evolution in the social and philosophical fields of knowledge. Browning was little influenced by these movements of the age; his interest was centered in the deep studies of man's thoughts and passions. Many of his contemporaries, in harmony with the aspect of the knowledge of the day had a narrower view of life, and though they enjoyed greater popularity during their life-time, they are now gradually fading into oblivion. Browning, however, with his freer and broader touches and views, in little sympathy with his age, is steadily growing in appreciation and popularity. Since Browning has greater interest and fuller pertinence to-day than thirty years ago, the poet and his works must be in close relation to the modern period of thought and life.

At the first acquaintance with the poetry of Browning we are repelled by his apparent hardness and ruggedness, by his love of paradoxes and psychological problems, and his seemingly vain investigation of the soul. He is too obscure, too causuistic to interest us. But closer study of the matter and form of his rugged verse reveals to us a rich mine from which many a valuable gem may be dug.

As stated above, Browning is original in the choice of his subject matter—human nature, life in all its aspects and phases, man with his beliefs, aspirations and passions. The interior life of man, love in all its sublimity and sordidness, art, perfect and elevating, are fit materials for his genius to work on. What a range of complex and deep studies does he not present to our view: Caliban, crude, simple, and uncultured; Blougram, proud, cultured, and self-sophisticated; Sordello, ambitious and egotistic; the Duke, jealous lover

and heartless villain; Andrea del Sarto, the wretched and weakling painter, ruined by his soulless wife; Abt Vogler, the musician of refined and delicate sensibilities; Rabbi ben Ezra, the philosopher, sincerely striving after truth. These persons, living and real, not mere images or types, reveal to the reader their secrets of life and motive. He chose them from among the high and low, kings and beggars, lovers and criminals, artists and statesmen, cavaliers and soldiers—characters as multiform and varied as life itself. The poet conceives them as placed in the world, exposed to the trials and vicissitudes of life, to the oppositions and rebuffs of fate, to the influence of good and evil and to the conflicting powers of their own soul. In the presentation of these characters the poet is vitally dramatic, seizing a psychological moment of intense significance, and condensing the trials and aspirations of a whole life into one supreme moment. From that point the character is set in action, revealing itself to the reader, quickened into life by the delicate and graphic touches of the poet. This choice of subject matter, and the dramatic manner of treatment gives to his works an air of originality, complexity and intellectuality, and renders them obscure and difficult to be understood. In this respect Bro. Azarias says of him: "The mastery of Browning is no slight labor, but it is a labor that well repays. However, it is a study that I would not recommend to children in years or to children in mind. His subject matter is frequently such as not every one can look full in the face. It deals with every phase of the morbid and abnormal in human nature. But in his treatment of such subject matter the poet is never sentimental and never attempts to carry the reader's sympathy along with crime and falsehood."

In Shakespeare's dramas—the drama of life in action, with its distinct personalities influencing each other by word and deed, the development of character is manifested by the means of action and dialogue. In Browning, however, we have the drama of the interior—the soul revealing itself to man. It is the unfolding of the inner life through inward

growth and debate. As fit instrument for this dramatic unfolding of the growth and secret workings of the soul he chose monologue,—a form first conceived in “Paracelsus” and developed in “Sardello” and employed by him in all his larger poems. The monologue is well adapted to Browning’s rapid and concise mode of thinking. He thinks at a “break-neck” speed, expressing a single moment of passion or emotion in a terse, elliptical manner.

Allied to Browning’s originality in conception of theme, form and method of treatment is his originality of style. His style is distinct and personal, the counterpart of his matter and thought. Like his thoughts it is abrupt and swift, condensed as his thoughts. It is strong, varied and direct. He expresses a critical moment of passion or thought in a terse elliptical manner, but pregnant in thought and quick in action. The elisions are numerous and puzzling, the smiles happy and striking but at times elaborate and strange. His style possesses no consecutive flow; the various parts are seemingly thrown together without order or design having rather the appearance of vigorous notes than of finished and complete verse. The style and meter of his verse varies with the mood of the lines: now serious, regular and careful, now passionate, abrupt and parenthetical; now serene, graceful and melodious, now strong and sonorous. In his love lyrics and ballads he has grace and music, a variety of strong and fine melody, perfect versification and a wealth of choice imagery. His rhyme is perfect and of exceptional force in its command of double and even treble rhyme. Here he adapted and perfected the blank verse—half familiar, vivid with life and full of vigor and beauty, “rising and falling, now level and smooth, now rough with thickening foam, blown by the winds of passions and lulled with the falling breeze.” Other modern poets have more powers and beauties, a more charming and delicious style, but the style of Browning with its variety and terseness is the most vital and natural of all. Let us compare the style of Tennyson’s “In Memoriam” with Browning’s style in “Paracelsus.” Both are psychological studies. In beauty and finish, in

musical and emotional charm, in pellucid melody, in perfect structure and delicate verse "In Memoriam" surpasses "Paracelsus," but in power and mastery of matter and word, for tense grasp and alert speech, for force and animation "Paracelsus" is unexcelled. If "great poetry does not linger and loiter, but strides from action to action, from thought to thought and gives description very largely by means of hints and flashes and implications," then indeed deserves the poetry of Browning to be called great.

The qualities of his style and the complexity of theme subject Browning to the charge of obscurity. This charge must be admitted, but this very obscurity is a vital part of Browning; without these imperfections he would not be the powerful poet he is. It is the matter, form, and dramatic method of his verse that stand between Browning and his readers. They are bewildered by his complex and intellectual themes and his abrupt, parenthetical manner of treatment. He presents a psychological moment of intense signification and carries the reader without prelude or explanation into the midst of the life and thought of his character. The train of thoughts running through his verses is rapid and subtle, manifold at times and difficult to follow; his qualifications and transitions swift and sudden, his allusions vivid and striking but often confusing. His verses are vast labyrinths of complex and alluring thoughts, thoughts difficult to follow in their rugged and abrupt courses. Unlike Tennyson, Browning in his energy and intellectuality disregards the more pleasing and charming virtues of mood and style. He is rapt in his deep thoughts and ideas. His obscurity is the outgrowth of the genius and art of the poet. In reference to the charge of obscurity Mr. Swinburne defends his fellow poet: "To charge him (Browning) with obscurity is almost as accurate as to call Lyceus purblind or to complain of the sluggishness of the telegraph wire. He is something too reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity, or even to realize with what spider-

like swiftness and sagacity his building spirit leaps and lightens to an fro and backward and forward, as it lives along the animated line of its labor, and darts from centre to circumference of the glittering and quivering web of living thought, woven from the inexhaustible stores of his perception, and kindled from the inexhaustible fire of his imagination."

Like his defects and imperfections Browning possesses powers and qualities peculiar to him alone. In originality, in subtlety of thought, and intensity of perception, he stands foremost among modern poets. In the knowledge of human nature, in power and animation, in forcible and exquisite character drawing he is unexcelled. Only in Shakespeare do we find the same variety of distinct human characters, creations endowed with vital life, and the force of expression and subtlety of thought. Browning refuses to use words for word's sake, nor does he sacrifice matter and truth to form. His is the power to compress and concentrate intense emotion into a few pregnant words, words that move us to pity, sympathy or terror.

These qualities and powers of Browning place him in the first ranks of our modern poets. Though he had to pass through a long time of waiting before his works met with appreciation he is now steadily gaining in popularity. While indeed he is no poet to be read for leisure and pleasure, close study reveals to us, concealed under a rugged exterior, a wealth of thoughts and inspiration as few of his lighter veined but more charming brethren present. The following appreciation of Bro. Azarias is certainly just and well merited: "In the long list of his writings from Pauline to Assolando, in which the poet for the last time runs his finger along the various chords of his lyre and strikes clearly and accurately the diverse notes at his command, there is much that is obscure and unsatisfactory but there is also much that is intensely earnest and suggestive. Browning is one of the great forces in Modern English Literature."

CLEMENT H. BOEKE, '07.

Brother Azarias in Literature.

WERE America to possess one common mausoleum for the repose of her departed men of letters, irrespective of creed, nationality, or birth, she would well-nigh be as replete with the honorable remains of those who have given her a national literature, as the magnificent repository England has dedicated to the memory of her bards and literary geniuses.

For America, too, has had her distinctive lights in the several departments of letters; and, like the mother-country, is rich in the possession of the few minds, who have directly impressed literature with its truest object—that “of opening the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge; to give it power over its faculties, critical exactness, address and expression.” These few are the literary critics. They interpret literature; make it appear in its full meaning as the reflector of life; fix the value of its contents, and serve as indexes to the educated world in its study and analysis of literary masterpieces.

Brother Azarias holds an exceptional place among the precious few who have thought and suggested for educated America, as a result from deep research and application in the domain of letters. Uniting the skill, diligence, and love for study, of the monk of the Middle Ages, and the meditation and solitude of the cloister, with the broad mind and the heart that pulsates alike for the good the past has accomplished, and for the rapid strides which the present is making in the pursuit of the true and uplifting in knowledge—Brother Azarias is saluted with the title of ‘monk’ both by Catholic and Protestant. Not through any petty hesitation or timidity in appreciation of his services, on the one hand; and on the other, from every absence of prejudice and inconsideration. For his little period of existence had no

climaxes. There were no mysteries about his personality, save that beautiful sameness of character which can so influence capricious circumstance that it results rather as a profit than as a disadvantage. In his writing to the folks at home, he was ever the same Patrick Francis Mullany, now perhaps, giving preference to things spiritual in his letter, but always in his blithe and cheerful manner so that it would soothe mother's longing or overcome father's trivial fears. A follower of the Venerable John Baptist de la Salle, he was with his boys in the class-room. As a lasting testimony of his conscientious Catholic love, Bro. Azarias impressed his young minds with the earnestness of life; acquainted them with the struggles, victories, and defeats in the spiritual warfare; and taught them how to become chivalrous men in word and action.

Entering the "School of Life" at an early age, and continuing to study throughout his life, Bro. Azarias fulfilled the true purpose of education, which should produce not "finished scholars" but "equipped learners." The school of experience also had its little tasks for him to perform; but the discipline of both institutions only perfected a disposition in Brother Azarias which was naturally inclined to observe and to ponder. Gleaning the best of everything and making it, in some way, subservient in his purposes, he considered objects secondary and trivial only when they lacked the qualities to inspire and to instruct. Possessing the genialities of his whole-souled race in an exceptional measure, and adjusting them with the sentiments of his adopted country, the happy blending gave him that bent of mind and rule of action which tolerates and is gainsome.

These were the mysteries of his great personality; properly so called by the shifting circle of the world about him, who, chasing the alluring butterfly of satisfaction in material things, perceived the appealing soul of the great Brother; and were in awe of the spiritualizing charm his presence exercised upon them.

Bro. Azarias' life as a religious was no transformation of his former self, but rather a perfection. Having chosen

the 'better part', he was not selfish in its possession, and shared the fruits of its spiritual and intellectual operations in himself with his American people, who are as restless in the things of the mind as in their practical pursuits in life; eagerly hoping for better things, and are ever on the alert for the messenger of novelty. At last a herald comes announcing tidings, that Newman-like sound, the depths of the heart and conscience, which set that craving for that unknown something aright,—with the thought of ideals. "Man," says Bro. Azarias, "has within him two opposing elements. One seeks to raise him up into a spiritual and spiritualizing sphere, of thought and action; the other tends to drag him down to things earthly and debasing. Now, it is the function of the sense of admiration to raise up and spiritualize the inferior parts of man's nature, so that they grovel not in things earthly, and to strengthen and improve his nobler aspirations. Where man may not imitate, where he may not even love, he can still admire. Wherever an ideal is expressed, there is an object for his admiration. We may not be able to explain this mysterious relation but we all have the experience of it. Our souls are so attuned as to give out a music responsive to the chords that are touched. Therewith comes a vague yearning as for something and also with it a reminiscence of a higher spiritual order of things of which the soul has had occasional glimpses."

These are ideals and revelations to which the spirit of modern writers has been made an orphan. The denial of the authority of truth—owing to the Reformation—gave rise to the wandering spirit of individualism. Excluding the one great Law—their Creator,—in whom all must centre, each made a law for himself, which was human; and being human could not satisfy. Hence the spirit of present day literature, which continues in doubt and insecurity, because of the apparent loss or neglect of that precious heritage of which Bro. Azarias speaks when defining literature as "the verbal expression of man's affections as acted upon in his relation to his Creator, society, and the material world."

In consequence of the life and work he chose to do, Bro.

Azarias was always actuated by ideals of the purest and noblest—by Catholic ideals. “The exclusive exercise of any one activity of the soul,” he says, “is detrimental to the rest. The exclusive exercise of the reason dwarfs the other functions. It dries up all taste for art and letters and starves out the spirit of piety and devotion. In the constant development of the aesthetic sense, one may cultivate taste and sensibility, but if it is done to the exclusion of rigid reasoning and the superior emotions of the soul, it degenerates into sentimentalism and corruption of the heart. So also with extreme pietism; it narrows the range of thought, fosters the spirit of bigotry and dogmatism; and makes man either an extravagant dreamer or an extreme fanatic.”

With such safeguards as principles of thought and action, and with all the resourcefulness of a literary student, Bro. Azarias plainly saw at what hazards literature was placed owing to its truest object being so much lost sight of by modern writers. He felt the precariousness of its condition and thereupon devoted himself to literature, indeed, not alone for its charms, but deeper still, to inquire whence they came; to study, from their work, the promptings and aspirations of minds that had ideals, however indistinct the vision.

Then began the task of unbiased critical analysis which brought Bro. Azarias' balance of being and mental acumen into play for most decisive and discriminate action. For the problems he solved were those of a Tennyson; where unsettled conviction is interspersed with the most delicate truths; problems of a Browning, that peculiar representative of the modern spirit, where the soul's flights are so encompassed with the material; problems of a George Eliot, where intimations to the spiritual end so obscurely and so unsatisfactorily, with retributions which follow as merely natural consequences. These Brother Azarias disposed of strictly according to his correct, simple, and direct method of philosophy; and with the discriminating poise of a mature judgment. He considered literature as reflecting many minds; minds that are differently influenced; that run in

narrow or broad channels; that have ideals which tend to uplift or object, or which leave us in doubt and disquietude. He concluded, should ought of pessimism be associated with literary criticism, it is but an expedient and a justifiable scrupulousness. Consequently, in all the accurate and just severity of the critic, and in accordance with his idea of studying literature as the one means, with religion, of uplifting mankind, Bro. Azarias was scrupulously chary, and dwelt upon such salient points in the author's work which might occasion error and misunderstanding, or which might savor even of some dangerous narcotic. His genuine optimism exceeded no further bounds than those prescribed by refinement and a cultivated taste.

Bro. Azarias was certainly a great and a valuable critic of literature and literary art in general. Moreover the ideals and principles he fostered contain the essence of authority on such matters. A consistent life, too, is a great support in giving expression to one's ideas and opinions. All that is predicated of him in the brief exposition of his life's work, finds a response in the words of his contemporary and biographer, J. Talbot Smith; "Such a life leaves an agreeable flavor on the tongue that tells it. It fills the heart with comfort and strength."

We may vainly seek for incidents which could in some way influence his sojourn here below; but we shall find that beautiful harmony existing between Bro. Azarias' soul and the precepts of its Creator, which union alone never permits life and with it the mind and the heart to grow sterile. It, too, causes a longing, but soothes it by inspiring and by ever presenting new beauties, and assuring us that that longing is to be realized elsewhere. Bro. Azarias was distinctively the man of his age, though not of its spirit. He sympathized with it, and all his efforts were directed towards perfecting its literature, making it strong and healthy; towards impressing it with its truest and final purpose—that of showing man the capriciousness of material things, and, as it were, stigmatizing him with the desire to recover that which he had lost.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, '07.

Recollections.

“WHY sad, my friend, on such a night as this?
See how the broken clouds athwart the sky
Scud past the moon and stars. This balmy air
To me seems playful, while the little lake
Laps on the shore in glee. Why seem forlorn,
When such a careless freedom reigns tonight?”
‘Ah, Liew, if clouds that cross life’s span of blue
Had burst upon your day, perhaps you too
Would sadden and grow mute when such a night
Recalls a train of horror to the mind.
Ten years ago the great Ohio’s flood
Crept through the night and filled our city’s streets,
While in the lowland farther out were heard
The distant cries and tidings of dismay.
Then rushing with the crowd toward the bank,
From where my brother’s house presents to view,—
The mad waves dashed against the levee’s sides,
And lapped and roared, while o’er the heaving tide
Through sable darkness came my brother’s call:
“A boat! a boat! Help! help! O ho! O ho!”
At times the call was swallowed up in sound,
The wind and roaring flood arose and fell
In quick and angry gusts and dashing spray.’
“O boatman, send him help!” I cried in pain,
O save him with his wife and babes, I pray!
O hear them! How the storm begins to rage!”
“Alas, my boy,” the boatman made reply,
“No boat can live in such an angry flood,
We can but beg the mercy of the waves.”
‘Then broke the storm in bright electric wave
And showed the broken forests half submerged,
While from the gable window of the house
There leaned two forms, each holding in their arms
Their children; while the flood, at every flash
In unabated fury gathered force.
With one mad dash the heaving waters rose
And swept the house’s timbers with a crash.
Then still and inky darkness shrouded all,
And o’er my soul a deeper shadow drew
Which ten bright summers have not broken through.’

LEO FAUROT, '08.

A Visit to George Ade.

PENTECOST Monday was an ideal May-day. The sun rose with unusual splendor, and the morning was illumined with its brightness.

Its beauty seemed overpowering to a dozen students, and a migratory feeling, similar to that of the birds in the maple-boughs, seized their hearts and induced them to quit their surroundings and journey "to fresh fields and pastures new."

Our neighboring town of Brook, Ind., several miles to the south-west, was decided upon as the point for flight, and the home of Indiana's famous humorist, George Ade, as a possible resting-place during the journey.

The opening of the trip was full of exhilaration. The fresh breeze of the morn created a buoyant power, and the many sights by field and road were a delight to the eye. The ear was no less captivated by the "morning oratorio" of the winged minstrels, who sent up their music from every copse and meadow and road-side weed. If the apple blossoms had already faded in our orchard, we were sure that this brisk northern had in its wings the pollen dust of Michigan and Canada orchards. How fragrant the air!

Who could weary in his course when all above, below, and around him is surging with life, which seizes upon him at every point in his journey, and, with its vital force sweeps him on in delight to his goal!

Time spent so delightfully passed rapidly, and before we were aware we came, at the top of a gentle elevation in the road, in sight of George Ade's water-tower and stable, which stood out sharply in the distance against a background of newly unfolding oaks. In front of these was a

wide sweep of verdant pasture-land, mellowed with sun-light and the songs of larks mounting to the blue, white-clouded sky.

A few more minutes and we were at the gates entering the estate. A half circle of new macadam road connects the two-story frame villa with the two red brick portals several hundred feet apart from the road. There is a gentle rise of neatly-kept lawn from the road to the mansion, which was not as yet hidden by the overhanging foliage of encircling trees.

Mr. Ade's secretary ushered us into the library, the cozyness of which we admired until the appearance of the master. His smile and hand-shake were genial, delightful. We were made to "feel at home" by the warmth of his welcome. His apology for wearing a gray sweater, checkered trousers, and a broad brimmed gray slouch-hat on the grounds that he had been working revealed to us a side of Mr. Ade's character, his love for labor. The author of Jethro in the "Fables" feels the necessity of labor. One must drink deep from the Pierian spring.

We glanced at the black-walnut book-cases, filled with beautiful bound volumes, as Mr. Ade led us out on the eastern veranda.

A delightful view presented itself. The Narcissi, dancing in the warm sunbeams, beheld their beautiful images in the dew drops on the lawn. Across the road Jove himself guarded the Iroquois and his Naiads by a beautiful phalanx of young oaks. Echo answered the Sylvans who were carolling in the shady woodland behind the villa. To swing on such a veranda, lulled by the sweet odors of a warm May day, would make the most prosaic person poetical.

But poetry is for the solitary. Mr. Ade talked on baseball, the condition of Indiana roads, and the relative merit of certain chemicals for killing lawn ants.

In the back yard we took a look at the water-tower, the young orchard, the lawn-tennis court, and the tulip beds. The cows were finding luscious pasturage on the banks of

the Iroquois, which could be seen through aisles of stately oaks.

Again we turned from musing to examine Mr. Ade's new touring car, which was receiving an overhauling by one of his men. We were curious to know the circumference of the front and back wheels, and how many the car seated. Mr. Ade was most patient with our inquisitiveness, and had the machine rolled back in order to give us a good view of all its workings.

We now returned to the villa. It is not easy to describe its interior. Everything speaks of refinement. Mr. Ade has embellished his home with a collection of valuable curios gathered on his recent trip around the world. He has them distributed on both floors, in the hall-ways, and on the stair-cases. To see and study all would take quite a little time, but on our way through the collection we observed and were told many things interesting to a student.

Passing through the dining-room, which was filled with the fragrance of tulip blossoms, we entered the work-shop of the great humorist. Here Mr. Ade showed us a cabinet containing prehistoric pottery, glass work, and Egyptian relics from the Pyramids. A hand and foot of a mummy attracted the attention and interest of all. A most beautifully illuminated copy of the Koran, several hundred years old, formed a valuable part of the collection. Old fire-arms and swords from India and Turkey occupied one corner of the studio. Mr. Ade's desk, strewn with manuscripts, stood in the center, with his secretary's close at hand. A typewriter stood in sharp contrast with the old weapons of war, and antiquities buried for thousands of years.

Costly tapestry from China and Japan decorated the walls of the broad stair-case leading to the second floor. A Spanish soldier of the Mexican conquest, clad in full dress of steel armor, guarded the entrance to the collection on the second floor.

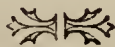
Here was a cabinet containing ancient coins, gold and silver rings from the fingers of mummies, and modern work in ivory by Japanese. To examine all would have taken

more time than we could reasonably expect from Mr. Ade, and since it was near the noon hour, we made ready to leave.

Mr. Ade detained us in the library by playing a medley of national airs of all the leading nations of the world on his "Aeolian" pianola, commenting upon the airs while playing. He thought the Russian and Austrian were most beautiful, and recalled with what delight he had listened on on his European trip to a concourse of several hundred Austrians singing their patriotic hymn. This musical treat was especially enjoyed by the party, and they all expressed their satisfaction to Mr. Ade for his kindness in playing such a stirring piece.

Mr. Ade accompanied the party to the gate, and bade them farewell with the cordial invitation, "Now, boys, you know where I live, call on me again." We extended to him in return our earnest wish to see him soon in Collegeville, and departed with the music of the "Aeolian" still ringing in our ears.

AUGUST J. WITTMANN, '08.



American Romanticism.

IN the minds of Europeans the transatlantic continent, and the United States in particular, is the land of commercial and scientific progress, the world of the "strenuous life" and the purest realism. Such delineation is indeed very radical. As far as the judgement is based upon our industrial and commercial conditions we are pleased to accept it, even as complimentary, but if it is meant to imply a want of romance we must interpose an objection.

We admit, America cannot boast of the enchanting ruins of palaces and towers; she has not the inspiring cathedrals or untold number of legends, still she need cast no jealous glances upon the romantic wealth of her sister-countries,

for she too has a clear title to her share of the richest romanticness.

Her situation and scenes are romantic. At the thought of primitive America, a vast untamed continent grows upon our view. Silent mountains range their snow-capped peaks into the sky. Rivers move majestically onward, until they fall over a cliff and are hidden from view by the density of rising vapor. Glimmering lakes mirror the beauty of the landscape, and, in the distance the wild ocean waves, mingling with the sky, form a mighty boundary, thus isolating America from the rest of the world, a land of wonder and promise.

What country can boast of parts that are as romantic as those of California, Oregon, New Mexico and Wyoming. Even in the North East and the South a romantic atmosphere hangs over the country.

The inhabitants of America from the aborigines to the population of our own day, are of a very romantic type. What world of mystery and wonder does not still cling to the moundbuilders? Vestiges and traces of them still remind us of the monuments and early times of Egypt and Hindoostan. These people were succeeded by the Indians a more romantic tribe than which never existed. The forest was their domain, fishing and hunting their occupation, and warfare and adventure their sport.

The discovery then brought a great confluence of romance in America. The new world was a region of wonder and mystery, of vague and magnificent promise. All the enterprising nations wished to gain a footing there. "Thither the Spaniards hastened," says Parkman, "thirsting for glory and for gold and often mingling the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, the bigotry of Inquisitors, and the rapacity of pirates. They roamed over land and sea; they climbed unknown mountains, surveyed unknown oceans, pierced the sultry intricacies of tropical forests; while, from year to year and from day to day, new wonders were unfolded, new regions of gold and pearl, and barbaric empires of more than oriental wealth." "The extravagancy of hope and

fever," continues the same author, "knew no bounds. Nor is it surprising that amid such waking marvels, the imagination should run wild in romantic dreams; that between the possible and impossible the line of distinction should be but faintly drawn, and, that men should be found ready to stake life and honor in the pursuit of the most insane phantasies." Such a man was the veteran cavalier, Ponce de Leon.

Led by the love of enterprise and avarice, De Soto, at the head of a band of gallants, exploited the southern territory of the United States. Their brandished armor and plumed helmets shown in strange contrast with the verdure of her shrubbery. Nature was dumbfounded when the blast of their trupets, the neighing of their horses, and the din of cannon gave the forest their initial salute.

New France was no less romantic. "Its Inhabitants," says one writer, "were a brave unthinking people, stamped with a soldier's virtues, and a soldier's faults. Their schools were the forests and seas, and barter with Indians, their trade." There, lord, vassal, black-robed missionary and savages mingled as in one large family, and when the provisions were at an ebb they sustained themselves partly from the wild and promising tales that reached their ears. They had tasted the pleasure of wild life and had become enamored of it. Worthy of special notice are the Coureurs de Bois, those romantic lovers of nature, of lawless adventure, and unrestrained freedom.

There was a touch of romanticism even in the Puritans and in the quaint settlers of new Amsterdam. To the latter the Hudson bore no less enchantment than to the Germans the Rhine. The aristocratic settlers of Virginia and the South were of course of a romantic type, and so are their descendants to this day.

"It is distance lends enchantment to the view." The events of American history are yet too recent to be clustered with many romantic associations. Lest, however, books of the nature of Sinclair's "Jungle," Lawson's "Frenzied Finance," or others of the kind that have caused a shortlived stir and comotion, might invite any prejudice against the

romantic element of our literature, it may be well to point it out in a few of our writers. There is romanticism in the musical strains of Poe; and it is hardly less pronounced in his tales. Cooper has woven it around the Indian and the lakes and forests. Longfellow has an abundance of it in "Hiawatha," and "Evangeline," and even Bryant and Lowell have cast it over some of their poems. One of the finest romantic writers in our language is Hawthorne, and he is surely thoroughly American. Nor is it absent in our historians, as readers of Parkman and Prescott will readily concede. The "Conquest of Mexico," as the author himself states, could not be otherwise than a romance. The peculiar feats and circumstances are as romantic and venturous as any legend cherished by Norman or Italian bard of chivalry.

Finally, the American people are romantic. They take delight in whatever is adventurous and marvelous and seek it even in their methods of business, industry and commerce. Does not the history of the growth of our country, of the rise of our cities, of the development of our industries, read like a fairy tale. Indeed, the spirit of romanticism hovers over the land and its people, and will not be banished for a long time to come.

ALEXANDER LINNEMAN, '07.



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Editorials.

THE first contest for the Alumni Medal, instituted by the St. J. C. Alumni Association at their meeting last year for the best Essay in English has been decided. Nine essays were submitted, and they all received a careful and critical reading from the judges Rev. John Cogan, '96, Fayetteville, Ohio; Rev. Thomas Conroy, '96, Monroeville, Ind., and Rev. Arnold Weyman, C. PP. S. '97. A comparison of their grades revealed the fact that the author of the "A Silent Influence" had won first place and was entitled to the much coveted prize. "Browning as a Modern Poet," was next in rank, and the third place was taken by "Brother Azarias" and "American Romanticism". All of them appear in this issue of the *Collegian*. The judges expressed

themselves as highly pleased with the interest shown in the contest, and feel sure that the end for which the medal was instituted, will be attained.

We extend our congratulations to the winner of the first Alumni Medal, and to those that secured the second and third prize.



ANOTHER SCHOLASTIC YEAR has passed away with its little joys and sorrows. After a successful year a happy vacation is our wish to the dispersed student-body. To the class of '07, who have now made their debut to the world, we wish the greatest measure of success. May they live up to the motto *Crescit eundo*, which they have chosen.

THE GRADUATING CLASS realizes that it will be difficult to discharge in full the debt of gratitude which they owe to the professors due to the College. They have received more than their mere money's worth, "more than love and all else can pay." During our stay at the College we have been led to the fountains of knowledge and virtue; we have been kept from the contaminating influence of the world, and lived in an atmosphere of learning and religion. Our professors have sought to instil into us love of knowledge, and the spirit of piety and charity. They have placed before us the highest ideals and quickened our sensibilities to an appreciation of the good and the beautiful. Under their loving care, and the sheltering walls of St. Joseph's, we have spent our years profitably and happily.

Not to feel grateful to them for all this we would have to be as insensible as the rock. Gratitude is the virtue of noble souls, and we would think ourselves low indeed were we without it. If we have at any time in the past evinced a seeming lack of it, we wish it ascribed to our thoughtlessness, and we take this occasion to give evidence of our grateful spirit. We thank our professors singly and collectively for all the affection and care bestowed on us, for their instruction and guidance, for the special help extended to us on numerous occasions, and for all their generous and self-

sacrificing labors in our behalf. May God reward them abundantly for the care bestowed on us.



IT IS PLEASING to note the progress made in Athletics during the past year. Not only was the representative team unusually successful, but there was a spirit of enthusiasm and harmonious co-operation in the general student-body. This is no doubt owing to the Athletic Association, which was organized in the beginning of the year. Although started with some misgoings, it proved to be an entire success, due in great part to the noble efforts of our Athletic Director, Fr. Theodor Saurer. There must be unity and aim in every movement, and while in former years the students were as anxious to achieve distinction in athletics as now, the results were less on account of a lack of concerted action. We trust that in future years the influence of the League will prove equally beneficial.



WITH THIS ISSUE of the *Collegian* the present staff bids farewell to College Journalism. While our duties were not at all times pleasant, we are glad that they were imposed upon us, for we have learned something in their performance, and as we glance back over our work we half regret to leave our post. There is no question that active work on the staff of a paper, be it ever so humble a thing as a College journal, teaches us many things that are not usually learned in the class-room, and for that reason we are grateful for the opportunities given us.



Exchanges.

FELLOW Editors, in bidding farewell we would present but a few reasons why we found the work of the ex-man a pleasant though oftentimes arduous task.

In persuing the different journals it has always been our principle to look for that distinctive tone which should characterize every article and also the journal as such. It is that characteristic manner of expression, and that peculiar raciness of language, which gives the subject treated a college coloring. It is the greatest we can archieve in our capacity as college journalists. We note that most of our friends have put forth their best efforts in securing this "personal" and individual touch. Some have almost made it a matter of course; with others it is not so familiar.

The short story, as it appears on the pages of a college pamphlet, fails, with a few exceptions, to awaken sufficient interest in the reader, because of the insufficiency of college coloring in the background. We cannot easily complete with articles in the "Black Cat" and others, but we can have our characteristic story. A story of life associated with college doings written in the wieldy language of a college student even should college localisms be made the instruments for conveying thought and sentiment. Among others, the *St. Ignatius Collegian*, *The Dial*, and *Fleur de Lis* are conspicuous for managing a plot with a distinctive setting and with a conclusive, natural and a happy ending.

In the department of essays we have been very fortunate to strike upon subjects that were very deftly handled, with no small amount of personal thought, reflection, and a clear procedure throughout, making a condensed though constructive and suggestive whole. The *Abbey Student*, *College Spokesman*, *Mountaineer*, *Fleur de Lis*, *Fordham Monthly*, and *Viatorian* claim no small title to honors in this department of the journal and we would fain class ourselves with them.

The bardic choirs of all our visitors, too, have furnished at times some pleasing strains, with outpourings of the soul in union with nature and human sympathies. Often some deep and unmistakable truth was expressed so beautifully as to elicit but a silent and pensive nod, since words failed to express the responsive note of approval.

The one thing, however, neglected by all our friends and which offers an excellent opportunity for literary advancement, is the analytical biography. "Lives of great men all remind us" of something in their actions which had a widespread influence in shaping the age and circumstances in which they lived.

Ours is the age of research, analysis and criticism. Man is especially studied and commented upon and justly so, since he is the crown of Creation. Students of literature are certainly not insensible to proceedings outside their Alma Mater, why then, should they not give expression to the opinions, which a study of literature and present conditions have matured and ripened into candid and unbiased judgment.

We heartily indorse all that the *Mountaineer's* ex-man has said concerning the exchange column and would add that this department of the journal is above all others the best means for developing a literary critic. We admit it has been abused on several occasions, but only through a bit of indiscretion in applying a method in criticizing. We have followed Newman's motto: "Cor ad cor loquitur," in such matters and have found that by opening the wound gently we can heal it with a tincture of balsam and wormwood.

In the essay, "How 'Treasure Island' was written," the *Blue and White* have opened a new field of investigation by studying and briefly explaining the plot and setting of a novel. It is a new movement in college journalism and speaks for the real and beneficial appreciation of the novel, by the student. The "Letters to a Country Cousin" have gained for you *Blue and White* an enviable reputation in our literary circle. They were delightful and made us long for more.

The *St. Mary's Messenger* never attempts anything beyond its abilities. "When We Two Went A-Maying" is characteristic of the journal's ease and flow in treating subjects. Such pieces as "Somewhat mixed" serve to dispel the strain after reading a solid article, and if we could meet with the expectations of the author we would say that we had the same pleasure in reading his poem as he had in composing it.

Ever true to its motto: *Small Talk* is gradually progressing to a conspicuous place among her equals. The editorials of the last number with the poem on the "Berkshire Hills" give evidence of the editors' earnestness. Considering the conditions and circumstances in which the contributors to *Small Talk* are placed, we do not hesitate to say that they are aspiring high. We would only admonish them to keep in steady pace with their friends, the *Young Eagle* and *Agnetican Monthly*.

The *Pittsburg College Bulletin* is always a timely visitor, but being as he is a messenger from the East he should have plenty to tell us. Such however, is not the case. The different numbers usually contain one or two very good essays but very little other matter. City-life certainly offers many advantages for the stimulation of thought and we consequently expect an occasional treat from your Bulletin since it is in the city we see life, in all its variety; different associations arise; thought prompts thought and thus a broader and more fertile field of material is presented for literary treatment. True, your city is not congenial with literary work, nevertheless, soar in spirit above its clouds, to where all is brightness and sunshine, and the Muses will not fail to respond.

To all our friends not mentioned above we extend our best wishes for greater progress in next year's work. As a means for future success we suggest that observation and a note-book be made our treasury during vacation. Then it will not be a dry task to write an item of interest or to select from our cornucopia, some little events, the fruits of attentive reading or some such thing to which we have given thought during the summer months, and weave them into some literary treatise.

Commencement.

THE twelfth annual commencement was held on June 18; and was very well attended by numerous friends of the College. Again we were honored by the presence of our beloved Bishop, Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, and many of the clergy from the central states.

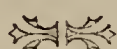
At 11:00 o'clock Monday morning, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to a class of twenty students. Before the ceremony the Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered a beautiful address on the mission and power of the Holy Ghost. In the afternoon, the St. Joseph's Military Band entertained the visitors with a concert on the College lawn. At eight o'clock the curtain rose for the Commencement Play, *Alexander III.*, which is elsewhere mentioned in this number.

Tuesday morning, Solemn High Mass (*coram Episcopo*) was celebrated; Rev. Joseph Mutch acting as Celebrant, Rev. Edward Werling as Deacon, Rev. Henry Hoerstman as Subdeacon, Rev. Simon Kuhnmuensch as Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Dr. C. Stetter and Rev. Justin Henkel Deacons of Honor.

After the services the Class and Commencement Exercises were held in the Gymnasium Auditorium. Rev. Michael J. Byrne of Lafayette, Ind., delivered the Baccalaureate Address, and among other things emphasized the need of "men of principle and sense of duty, and that such our college graduates are expected to be." Isidore Collins then read the Class Poem, and Anthony Knapke delivered the Valedictory.

Then followed the conferring of degrees and awarding of medals. The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Messrs. Herman Grube, Anthony Knapke, Ivo Weis, Alexander Linneman, Clement Boeke, Isidore Collins, Camillus Kloeters, Fidelis May, and David Fitzgerald. A gold

medal for the highest percent in the Classical Department was awarded to Herman Grube, in the Commercial Department to John Griesheimer. The twentyfive dollar gold medal donated by the Alumni Association for the best essay in English was won by Bernard Condon. The class distinctions were then distributed to the deserving students, after which a hasty farewell was exchanged among the students, and the scholastic year of 1906-'07 was at an end.



The Play.

ON Commencement eve, June 17, Alexander III., the well-known drama of Father Guggenberger, was presented in the College auditorium to a very numerous audience of visitors, friends, and inmates of St. Joseph's. Under the able instruction of their director, Father Ildephonse Rapp, and also through their own hearty cooperation, the Columbians again won many laurels. The play as such is the melodramatic sort and deals with the person of the great Emperor Barbarossa and the characters associated with, and opposed to him.

Since, therefore, it portrays the great personages of the heroic Middle Ages, this play presents many difficulties to the amateur actor in his efforts towards a correct interpretation of its chivalrous characters; and notwithstanding the interest and action of several thrilling scenes, the drama is, all in all, deficient in the dramatic swing and the Shakespearean appeal to heart and intellect. Nevertheless, owing to previous thorough preparation, most of the participants lived themselves into their parts and presented them with power and skill.

Mr. Isidore Collins as Alexander III. with his dignified bearing, earnest and impressive tone, identified himself, so to speak, with his character of Pope. Especially touching was the scene, when beyond the gates of Rome he bade fare-

well to the Eternal City, its domes and its tombs of the Saints. Mr. Otto Muehlenbrink as Frederick Barbarossa represented one of the most interesting but also most difficult characters of the play. He might have attained a higher degree of perfection had he not in several instances assumed a rather weak attitude; this, however, was outweighed by his strong personal appearance, his manifest dramatic ability and his true conception of the character of Barbarossa. His chancellor, Raynald of Dassel, as impersonated by Mr. August Wittman acquitted himself admirably. The subtleness of argument and intrigue was displayed with great natural energy. Powerful above all was the climax of his action, when, having revealed himself in a true light as a villain and traitor, his "fine diplomacy" having come to naught, he is seized with the plague.

Undoubtedly the most appreciated figure of the play was Mr. Henry Dues, who impersonated Grippo, the Court-fool. To characterize the ability of this gentleman on the stage, we deem it sufficient to quote the opinion of one of our distinguished visitors: "He played his role to perfection, not as an amateur, but as a professional actor."

Besides these main characters, many others were exceptionally good; and the success which these minor personages achieved in this play of Alexander III. will prove a recommendation to them in future years, when the cast of characters is to be selected. The play was very much enhanced by the beautiful scenery, and especially by the admirable and rich costumes. The audience was also entertained with selections by the College orchestra under the management of Prof. Zollner, and some pleasing vocal solos.



New Books.

“The Cabin Boys,” by Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J.
B. Herder. Price 45 cts.

The author presents in this little volume a story of those dreary days, when the French revolution began to abate. He gives us a few vivid glimpses of those anticlerical times, during which the two Cabin Boys play their roles. Though tossed on seas and cast about on foreign shores, their early impressions of home, as well as their early training, are the influences that shape their ends. Lively descriptions, change of scenes, and various adventurous incidents render the story singularly vivid and interesting.

P. W., '08.

“Harmony Flats,” by C. S. Whitmore, Benziger Bros., \$0.85.

The publishers deserve great credit for their excellent juvenile literature. “Harmony Flats” makes heroes of the little ones, heroes who by their constant little efforts, inspired by a real fairy, succeed in making the squalid homes of their tenement house in New York pleasant and cleanly, and the lives of the inmates happy and content. Side-lights on the miserable existence of neglected families are not wanting, but seem to be introduced only to show that man can be raised to a higher plane. Labor becomes sweet and poverty bearable since the children are happy in their work of “the cleaning up game.” In short, the book is an inspiration to both old and young to be neat and tidy, to “hope and work” in order to be happy, to be noble and charitable always, and if the little heroes and heroines seem perhaps a little too sedate and older than their years, it is owing to their environment and early training, and all the more ideal heroes they become, and the more lasting and effective their inspiration.

Personal.

On Tuesday, June 11, 1907, the Rev. Rudolph Stolz, '02, Rev. Meinrad Koester, '02, Rev. Sylvester Hartman, '02, and Rev. Sebastian Kremer, '02, were ordained to the priesthood by the Most Rev. Henry Moeller at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio.

At the first Mass of Father Rudolph Stolz on June 16, in the St. Peter and Paul's Church of Huntington, Ind., the Rev. Miller was Archpriest, Rev. Simon Kuhnmuensch Deacon and the Rev. Titus Kramer Sub-deacon. Father Eugene Grimm delivered the sermon.

Father Meinrad Koester celebrated his first Mass at Dardenne, Mo., and Father Sylvester Hartmann in St. Michael's Church, Kalida, Ohio.

Father Sebastian Kremer said his first Mass on Monday June 24, at St. John's Church, Maria Stein, Ohio.

The usual Ordinations took place on May 22, at the Cathedral of Ft. Wayne. The Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding performed the Ordination, and among the neo-presbyters are the Rev. Edward Werling, '02 and the Rev. Henry Hoerstman, '02. On May 26, Father Werling read his first Mass at Tiffin, Ohio, at which the Rev. Hulkin officiated as Archpriest, Father Aug. Seifert as Deacon, Father Titus Kramer as Sub-deacon, while the Rev. Ulrich Mueller delivered the sermon.

At the first Mass of Father Hoerstman, which likewise took place on May 26, at St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, his cousin the Rev. Hoerstman from Cleveland preached the sermon. Father Yenn assisted as Archpriest, Father DeGrotte, C. SS. R., as Deacon and Father Bartholomew Besinger as Sub-deacon.

The Collegian extends its congratulations to Mr. Chas. Daniels, '03, who has now received his degrees of M. D. from the Starling Medical College of Columbus, Ohio. He was at the head of his class and we are confident that Charles will become very proficient in his profession.

REGISTER OF VISITORS:

The Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. M. J. Byrne, Lafayette, Rev. Charles B. Guendling, Rev. Joseph Mutch, Rev. Justin Welk, O. F. M., Lafayette, Ind. Rev. P. J. Crosson, Logansport, Ind. Rev. C. V. Stetter, D. D., Kentland. Rev. Wm. Schmidt, Muncie, Ind. Rev. John Berg, Whiting, Ind. Rev. H. A. Hellhake, Sheldon, Ind. Rev. George Hoerstman, Remington, Ind. Rev. Edward Boccard, Delphi, Ind. Rev. Julius Seimetz, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. C. Wakever, Dunkirk, Ind. Rev. Ulrich Mueller, C. PP. S., Rev. Didacus Brackman, C. PP. S., Carthage, Ohio.

Rev. Linus Stahl, C. PP. S., New Riegel, O. Rev. C. Daniel, C. PP. S., Sedalia, Mo. Rev. Faustin Ersing, C. PP. S., Chicago. Rev. J. Mullen, C. PP. S., Rev. J. Henkel, C. PP. S., Rev. A. Malin, C. PP. S., Chicago, Ill. Rev. A. D. Dexter, Frankfort, Ohio. Rev. John Biederman, Nix Settlement, Ind. Rev. Gustave Hottenroth, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. Joseph Lynn, Peru, Ind. Rev. Frank Schalk, C. PP. S. Pulaski, Ind. Rev. A. Kalin, Shelbyville, Ind. Rev. Wm. D. Sullivan, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. PP. S., Minster, Ohio. Rev. Louis Hefe, C. PP. S., St. Joseph, Mo. Rev. C. Notheis, C. PP. S., Padua, Ohio.



Societies.

C. L. S. Owing to the amount of labor and time expended in rehearsing the Commencement Play, the Columbians were unable to devote themselves so energetically to society work during the past month as during the earlier part of the year. But now that the play is over and has proved a success, it is with sentiments of satisfaction and well-rewarded labor that they can glance over the past year's work, and recall the many hours of earnest endeavors put forth on their part to further the interests of the Society and maintain its standard in the fields of oratorical and dramatic achievements.

The programs during the year were characterized by a healthful and entertaining spirit on the part of the majority of the members. Especially worthy of mention is the last program which the Society rendered on May 19. The numbers are as follows:

1. "Treaty of Portsmouth" by Scouton, Orchestra.
2. Inaugural Address, "The Social Problem", Clement Boeke.
3. Declamation, "Douglas and Marion", Bernard Condon.
4. Vocal Duet, "The Jolly Students", O. Muehlenbrink, F. Lippert.
5. Comic, "Rubenstein's Piano Playing", George Pax.
6. Oration, "Robert E. Lee", John Gallagher.
7. Debate: "Resolved that the East Offers Better Opportunities
for a Livelihood than the West" Aff..... G. Scheidler.
Neg..... H. Froning.
8. "Floriana Walzes", Orchestra.
9. Dramatic Recitation, "Stigma", E. Ruczkowski.
10. Society Paper, Florian Notheis.
11. Stereoptican Views, Edward Ruczkowski.

The Debate was the surprise of the evening. The participants took a turn for the comic, and afforded the audience a half-hour of some very delightful wit and humor. Mr. George Pax likewise distinguished himself by the exquisite drollery and naturalness with which he gave the "Farmer's Description of Rubenstein's Piano Playing."

The meetings of the past year were also replete with energetic work and true Columbian spirit and, with few exceptions, were characterized by wise procedures and friendly feeling. The practice in Parliamentary Law has likewise been copious and beneficial, and too much thanks cannot be tendered our esteemed teacher, Mr. E. P. Honan, for the many hours he spent with us and the efforts he made in promoting the welfare of the Society.

Then too, a word in recognition of the generous co-operation on the part of the members. Never, in the history of the Columbian Society, did the Treasurer's Book present so pleasing an aspect and show such gratifying results, and never were more telling measures enacted and executed. The year 1906-07 saw the printing of the Revised Constitution and C. L. S. History, the equipment of our commodious Reading Room with new and attractive furniture, a greater increase

of books in the Library both as to quantity and quality, and finally the most successful play, judged by the receipts which the Society ever placed before the footlights, Alexander III. It is our fond hope that the prevailing spirit of 1907-08 will be of the same stamp, and that the Columbians will continue in their onward march towards a higher mark and greater perfection.

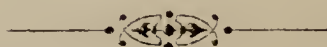
Too much praise cannot be given to our zealous Director, Fr. Ildephonse Rapp. He has ever been first in promoting the interests of the Society, and to his zeal more than any other factor do the Columbians owe a debt of gratitude. May like results crown his efforts in the year to come.

St. X. L. S. The Xaverians appeared in public for the last time on May 9., with a lively and well-chosen program.

The following are the numbers:

1. Aufsatz "Josef Haydn",.....Ivo Weis.
2. Declamation, "Archibald Douglas",.....Leo Spornhauer.
3. Gesang,.....Concordia.
4. Dramatisches Gedicht, "Metella",.....Bernard Condon.
5. Die Buben von heutzutage,.....George Pax.
6. "Loewenritt",.....Linus Hildebrand.
7. "Die Buergschaft",.....Theodore Koenn.
8. Singspiel: "Ein salomonisches Urteil".
 Bauer,.....Isidore Collins.
 Buergemeister,.....George Scheidler.
 Automobilist,.....Fred. Lippert.

The Xaverians have likewise attained great success during the past scholastic year. The meetings and programs manifested a very good spirit on the part of all the members, and painstaking effort on the part of our Rev. Director, Fr. Simon.



Athletics.

TAKING a retrospective glance at the work on the diamond this year, it is obvious that St. Joseph's has every reason to feel proud over the accomplishments of her representative team. Nothing was left undone on the part of the faculty and students to promote the highest enthusiasm.

WHEATFIELD VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

On Saturday, May 11, we travelled to Wheatfield to receive the severest drubbing that was ever administered to an S. J. C. aggregation. Wheatfield had a team of ball "tossers" who were capable of putting up a fast game of base-ball, and it was evident from the start that the visitors were outclassed. The St. Joseph's players did not wake up until eleven opponents had circled the bases safely, and then they perceived that only one was registered to their credit.

	R. H. E.									
Wheatfield	3	0	2	0	0	3	1	2	0—11	12 2
St Joseph's.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1	1 5
Batteries—Jensen and Jensen; Hasser and Hummer. Base on balls										
—Off Hasser 2. Struck out—by Jensen 12, by Hasser 7. Double play										
—Gallagher to Berghoff. Time—1 hr. 30 min. Umpire—Hammond.										

ST. JOSEPH'S VS. RENSSELAER.

The first of a series of three games was played with Rensselaer May 12, and St. Joseph's gained an easy victory, swamping them 6-3. The game was featureless and characterized by continual "ragging."

	R. H. E.									
Rensselear.....	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0—3	3 6
St. Joseph's	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	3	0—6	7 4

Two base hits—Gallagher, Eigelsbach. Struck out—by Nageleisen 4, Hasser 3, Schwartzell 4. Umpire—J. Nageleisen.

ST. JOSEPH'S VS. ST. VINCENT.

Saturday, May 18, our friendly rivals, the St. Vincent's of Chicago came to Rensselaer to battle on the diamond with S. J. C. Hasser was in the box for St. Joseph's and St. Vincent's were powerless against his mysterious twirls. Three times, with no one out and two men on base, he retired the side without a run. Paulus did the twirling for St. Vincent's and was hit hard at times; he used good judgment in his work and was particularly effective when men were on bases. The score at the end of the game was: S. J. C. 10, S. V. C. 0.

										R.	H.	E.
S. V. C.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	1	4
S. J. C.....	0	4	2	0	1	2	1	0	0	10	8	3
Batteries—Paulus and Fox, Hasser and Nageleisen. Base on balls—Hasser 7, Paulus 4. Struck out—Paulus 2, Hasser 10. Time—2 hrs. Umpire—Dobbins.												

LOWELL VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

In the first game of the season between St. Joseph's and Lowell we easily repeated our victories of former years bagging a total of 8 scores against 1. The game, though uneven from the beginning, was marred by excessive and insulting "kicking" on the part of Lowell.

										R.	H.	E.
Lowell.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1	4	5
S. J. C.....	3	2	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	8	9	2
Batteries—Dyer and Yates, Hasser and Nageleisen. Struck out—by Dyer 5, by Hasser 8. Two base hits—Gallagher, Nageleisen, Fitzgerald. Time—2 hrs 30 min. Umpire—Higgins.												

ST. VINCENT VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

To confirm our superiority over St. Vincent's of Chicago we played them on their grounds on May 30 and defeated them by a score of 2-1. It was a pitcher's battle between Case and Hasser, and honors were about even for both. The game was close and exciting, the fielding on both sides being particularly good. Hasser was a great puzzle to St. Vincent's, they being utterly unable to hit him consecutively. By good fortune they secured one run in the fifth inn-

ing on a base on balls, a stolen base and a hit by McGurthy. St. Joseph's, too, were weak with the stick, but batted enough to secure runs to win the game. St. Vincent's, as usual, gave the boys that generous, kind, and courteous treatment which we have always received whenever we visited them and we assure them that we fully appreciate their friendship.

										R.	H.	E.
S. V. C.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1	4	2	
S. J. C.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2	6	3	

Two base hit—Hasser. Base on balls—off Hasser 6, off Case 1. Struck out—by Case 6, by Hasser 9. Time—1:30. Umpire—Kelly.

MONTICELLO VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

Monticello won a loose game from St. Joseph's at Monticello on June 8. Although the S. J. C. team seemed to be in the pink of condition they gradually descended into a slump from which nothing could recover them.

Hasser occupied the place on the hill and while he was touched for seven hits the game would have been lost even if he had not allowed a single hit. The infield was troubled with "fumbleitis" and errors came thick and fast at critical times. Nageleisen was in the game with his usual ginger and his stellar work behind the bat was the redeeming feature of the S. J. C. playing. Score:

										R.	H.	E.
Monticello.....	1	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0—4	7	2	
St. Joseph's.....	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—2	5	10	

Batteries—Bailes and Lowe. Hasser and Nageleisen. Time—2 hrs. Umpire, Dwellinger.

ST. JOSEPH'S VS. RENSSELAER.

St. Joseph's made it three straights with Rensselaer by defeating them on June 9. Rensselaer appeared toggged in their new suits of red and black and returned biting the dust to the tune of 6—1. Score:

										R.	H.	E.
Rensselaer.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1	3	4	
St. Joseph's.....	0	2	0	2	0	0	2	0	0—6	10	1	

Batteries—Swartzell and Zea. Notheis and Nageleisen. Time 2 hours. Umpire P. Sauer and Healy.

ST. JOSEPH'S VS. LOWELL.

On Wednesday, June 12. St. Joseph's defeated Lowell a second time in an exciting game. The game was almost cinched in the hands of Lowell until the eight inning, but St. Joseph's proved to be the better in the long run and won out by a score of 9—8. Had not the score been so close the game otherwise would have to be called a lame affair. The fielding was poor, especially that of St. Joseph's who made errors enough to loose two games. But again Lowell was forced to succumb to defeat, and the most desperate efforts on their part could not save the day. The rooting during this game was exceptionally good.

	R. H. E.									
S. J. C.	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	6—9	10 7
Lowell.....	3	0	2	1	1	0	0	1	0—8	10 2
Batteries—Hasser and Nageleisen. Parker and Yates. Time 2 hrs.										
Umpire, Gregg.										

ST. JOSEPH'S VS. WHEATFIELD.

On June 15, the base-ball season of '07 at St. Joseph's came to a glorious close by one of the hardest earned and best-played games ever witnessed on the local diamond. The strong Wheatfield Regulars were the opponents, and encouraged by their easy victory over the College boys some time before, brought a host of enthusiastic fans to witness their anticipated victory. But St. Joseph turned the tables on them, and won out by a score of 3 to 1.

The game was a pitcher's battle in the true sense of the word, with a decided advantage on the side of Hasser, the star twirler of the St. Joseph Reps. In the first four innings but 12 men faced him at bat, and only four hits were found during the whole game, while St. Joseph touched Jensen up for eight safe ones. Hasser's clean three-bagger to left field in the sixth was the feature of the game. It netted the third and last run for the College.

St. Joseph's base-running in the first three innings was highly erratic, four men having been called out after reaching first base. But after that they settled down to real base-

ball and came out crowned with glory and victory. In recognition of their efficient work, the College boys treated the Reps of '07 to a sumptuous banquet at the Makeever House.

Gallagher and Fitzgerald made some brilliant throws and plays for the home team, while M. Jensen and T. Jensen put up the best article of ball for the visitors.

										R.	H.	E.
Wheatfield	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1	4	1
St. Joseph	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	*	—3	8	4

Batteries—Hasser and Nageleisen, L. Jensen and M. Jensen. Three base hit—by Hasser. Two base hit—by Notheis, Anderson. Struck out—by Hasser 10, by Jensen 4. Umpire—Healy. Attendance—800.

From this it appears that our record is a glorious one. In the beginning of the season they were few, who held out to us high hopes for such a string of victories. But our men were not to be discouraged. They worked hard to win, and as a result of the perseverance they won the hardest games of the schedule by decisive scores, and closed the season on the winning side. It is hoped that excellent work of the base-ball team will not be forgotten, but that the S. J. C. Representative Team of '07 may serve as an impetus for all teams in coming years.

THE LEAGUE.

A source of much interest and enthusiasm during the entire spring was the S. J. C. League. This league, composed of four well-matched teams, and each equally determined to win the pennant, battled gallantly for sixteen games before any could justly claim it. However, after long and persistent work the *Shamrocks* carried away the honor, winning by the slight margin of two games.

All during the season suspense was sustained as to the winners. The *Maroons*, the formidable opponents of the *Shamrocks*, showed themselves to be a factor in the struggle for the flag. The *Shamrocks* were not only successful because they had some of the best players in the College, but they won because of their excellent team work, which was

one of the gratifying features from the beginning to the end of the season. It is certain, Doll's pitching was superb throughout the season, and with the support given him led the team to victory.

The *Vigilants* played consistant ball, but it was really ill luck that put them where they are. Several times they had victory in their hands, when it was suddenly snatched away from them in the last inning.

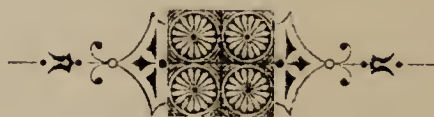
The *Royals*, the fourth team of the League, though they had some good individual players, lacked team work from the beginning, and in spite of the most determined efforts on the part of the captain to rally his forces, the team never was in the race for the pennant.

The pennant winners are as follows: Manager Dues, Captain Hanley, Doll, Besinger, Wiese, Heckman, Rengers, Kemper, Dowling.

LEAGUE STANDING.

Team	Capt.	Pct.
Shamrocks	Hanley	680
Maroons	Nageleisen	588
Vigilants	Vurpillat	529
Royals	Williams	188

Mr. Henry 'Froning, the Pres. of the League, is deserving of unqualified praise for the time and energy he put into this work. It is the first time in the history of St. Joseph's that a series of games has been played by the secondary teams, and the spirit and harmony which prevailed throughout the season is sufficient evidence of the skill and energy with which Mr. Froning directed the League.



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